This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

SPECIMEN OF AN ATTEMPT

TO GIVE A CLOSER ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATION OF

THE ODES THAN HAS HITHERTO

BEEN MADE.

BY JAMES JOHN LONSDALE, ESQ.,

JUDGE OF COUNTY COURTS; RECORDER
OF FOLKESTONE.

BIBL.
JUL 1879
BODLEIANA.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.
1879.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

297. g. 117.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ODE I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum!
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat: metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis:
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
Myrtoum, pavidus nauta, secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, who from kings can'st boast descent,
My safe-guard and my sweetest ornament,
To some th' Olympic dust to raise is dear;
Whilst with the glowing wheel the goal to clear,
And win the noble palm, exalts them straight
Unto the Gods, this world who regulate.
To wear the triple honours one is proud,
Gain'd through the struggles of th' inconstant crowd;
Another, if within his barn he stores
All that is swept from Lybia's threshing-floors.
His father's acres who delights to plough,
Though you with wealth of Attalus endow,
A timid sailor, ne'er induced will be
With Cyprian keel to cut th' Egæan Sea.
When Afric's blasts upheave th' Icarian waves,
The frighted trader of his village raves,
Its fields and rest; but, want unused to bear,

Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
  Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit: nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
  Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
  Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dîs miscent superis: me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori,
Secernunt populo; si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboüm refugit tendere barbiton.
  Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

His shatter'd bark soon hastens to repair.
Some men to rob the day feel no disdain,
Nor cup of fine old Massican to drain :
Their limbs now stretching 'neath the arbute green,
Now, where the sacred stream's still source is seen.
Many in camps rejoice, and mingled strain
Of trump and horn, and war, the mother's bane.
The hunter, careless of his tender spouse,
If chance his well-train'd hounds the stag to rouse,
Or through his nets the Marsian wild-boar tear,
Remains from home, beneath the frosty air.
Me th' ivy crown, on learned brows display'd,
Ranks with the Gods : me the cool forest's shade,
Where Nymphs with Satyrs dance, a sprightly throng,
Draws from the world ; if, whilst I tune my song,
Euterpe lend the music of her flute,
And Polyhymnia sound the Lesbian lute.
  Class me but 'mongst the Lyric poets, I,
With head sublime, shall strike the starry sky.

ODE II.

AD AUGUSTUM CÆSAREM.

JAM satis terris nivis, atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater; et rubente
Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem,
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Seculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ;
Omne cùm Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes;
Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis;
Et superjecto pavidæ natârunt
Æquore damæ.
Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis,
Templaque Vestæ;
Iliæ dum se nimiùm querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante, u-
xorius amnis.
Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persæ meliùs perirent;
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

NOW Jove enough of snow and direful hail
On earth has pour'd: to see his red right hand
E'en sacred temples with the bolt assail,
Awe-struck the people stand.
The nations dread lest that sad age come back,
When Pyrrha groan'd at sight of monsters new,
And Proteus to the mountains drove his pack,
Their lofty tops to view:
When fishes in the tallest elm stuck fast,
Where late his resting-place had made the dove,
And deer swam frighten'd in the ocean vast,
That roll'd the plains above.
His waters by th' Etruscan shore repell'd,
The monuments of Rome's great king to crush,
And Vesta's sacred fanes, have we beheld
The yellow Tiber rush:
Whilst he t' avenge his too sad Ilia's woes,
Uxorious river, boasts; and, spreading wide,
'Gainst Jove's consent, his left-hand bank o'erflows
With his resistless tide.
How 'gainst themselves the sword the people drew,
Which better had the heavy Persian slain;
How fought, made scarce their parents' vices through,
Our youth shall learn with pain.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus? prece quâ fatigent
Virgines sanctæ minùs audientem
Carmina Vestam?
Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Jupiter? tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus,
Augur Apollo.
Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
Quam jocus circumvolat, et Cupido:
Sive neglectum genus, et nepotes
Respicis, auctor,
Heu nimis longo satiate ludo;
Quem juvat clamor, galeæque læves,
Acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem.
Sive mutatâ juvenem figurâ
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
Cæsaris ultor:
Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini;
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat. Hìc magnos potiùs triumphos,
Hìc ames dici pater, atque princeps:
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos,
Te duce, Cæsar.

What God shall we to prop the falling state
Invoke? What vows her holy Virgins make
To wearied Vesta, less inclined of late
Heed of their pray'rs to take?
To whom by Jove shall be the part allow'd
Our crime to purge? Come to us then, we pray,
Thy glowing shoulders veiling with a cloud,
Prophetic God of Day;
Or smiling Erycina thou incline,
Whom Mirth and Cupid on the wing attend;
Or thou, on thy neglected race and line,
Their Sire, thy aspect bend,
Tired of thy sport, alas! too long pursued;
Whom battle-shouts and polish'd helms delight,
And Moorish soldier's savage face when view'd
With bloody foe in fight.
Or changed thy form, dear Maia's winged son,
Do thou on earth a stripling imitate,
Letting thyself be greeted as the one
T' avenge great Cæsar's fate.
To heav'n return not till a distant time,
But long, propitious, with the Romans stay;
Nor sooner go, indignant at our crime,
Borne on the blast away.
Here mighty triumphs rather choose t' abide,
Here Prince and Father to be call'd allow;
Nor suffer unchastised the Mede to ride,
Our chief, O Cæsar, thou.

ODE III.

SECUNDAM VIRGILIO NAVIGATIONEM PRECATUR.

SIC te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor;
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus; nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti;
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major tollere, seu ponere vult, freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS SAILING TO ATHENS.

MAY Cyprus' Queen divine so guide thy way,
So Helen's brothers, stars who brightly glow,
And so the Father whom the winds obey,
None save Iapyx being allow'd to blow,
That thou, O ship, who dost our debtor stand
Of Virgil, to thy care confided, may
Him safely render on th' Athenean strand,
And of my soul preserve the half, I pray.
With oak and triple brass a breast had he
Encompass'd strongly round, the fragile mast
Who first committed to the savage sea:
And fear had none of Afric's headlong blast
With winds contending from the North that sweep,
Of Hyads sad, or Notus in his rage;
Than whom no greater pow'r the waters deep
Of Adria know, to lift them or assuage.
Which of the forms of death's approach fear'd he,
With dry eye who the floating monsters view'd,
And saw the turgid billows of the sea,
And rocks Acroceraunian wreck-bestrew'd?
To little purpose has Divine foresight
Lands separated by th' unsocial main,
If impious vessels, in the Gods' despight,
Leap channels that uncross'd should aye remain.

Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
Post ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum, macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors;
Semotique priùs tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est.
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina

Man who to venture all things dares aspire,
  Forbidden crimes, audacious, rushes on.
By wicked fraud, amongst the nations, fire
  Brought down Iapetus' audacious son.
Scarce filch'd had fire been from th' Ethereal floor,
  When leanness and a troop of fevers new,
The Earth invested straight and brooded o'er;
  And Death, erewhile remote from human view,
Though sure yet slow, advanced with quicken'd stride.
  The vacuous air dared Dædalus essay,
With wings denied to man; and through the tide
  Of Acheron forced Hercules his way.
By mortals naught is arduous deem'd to be:
  E'en Heav'n we seek, in madness of our pride;
Nor suffer Jove, so steep'd in crime are we,
  His angry thunder-bolts to lay aside.

ODE IV.

AD SEXTIUM.

SOLVITUR acris hyems gratâ vice veris et Favonî;
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas:
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ:
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ;
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hædum.
Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia: quò simul meâris,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis;
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.

ODE IV.

TO SEXTIUS.

THE pleasant change of Spring and Zephyrus unbind
Sharp Winter; down are haul'd dry keels once more;
No longer wants his stall the ox, his fire the hind;
Nor with white frost are now the pastures hoar.
Now Cytherea leads the dance, the moon o'erhead,
And with alternate foot the Graces fair [red,
And Nymphs the meadows strike, while Vulcan, glowing
Lights up and makes the Cyclops' forges flare.
The shining head it now with myrtle green behoves
To wreathe, or flow'rs the loosen'd soil o'erspread;
In Faunus' honour, now, amidst the shady groves,
A lamb to kill, or kid if wish'd instead.
Pale death with equal foot knocks at the poor man's cot
And kingly tow'r. O! happy Sextius,
Our life's short span long hope t' indulge allows us not.
Soon night and fabled shades shall press on us,
So too shall Pluto's ghostly house, and when once there,
No dice will make you ruler of the wine,
No tender Lycidas you'll find, to youths now dear,
And for whom soon our maids with love will pine.

ODE V.

AD PYRRHAM.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? Heu, quoties fidem,
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT slender stripling, bathed in perfumes sweet
'Midst roses thick, thee Pyrrha presses,
Within some pleasant cave, for lovers' meet?
For whom bind'st thou thy yellow tresses,
So simply neat? Alas! how oft will he
Faith and the fickle Gods lament,
And tempest-toss'd by the black winds the sea,
Unused, behold with wonderment,
Who now possesses thee, all golden thought,
Who ever loving, ever true,
Hopes thee to find, of breeze fallacious naught
Conceiving! O! what woe's their due
On whom thou shin'st untried! On sacred wall,
The votive picture shows by me
My garments have been hung up, dripping all,
Unto the God who rules the sea.

ODE VI.

AD AGRIPPAM.

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cunque ferox navibus, aut equis
Miles, te duce, gesserit.
Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum, cedere nescii,
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulyssei,
Nec sævam Pelopis domum,
Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,
Imbellisqué lyræ Musa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Cæsaris, et tuas
Culpâ deterere ingenî.
Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ
Dignè scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen: aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem?
Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum,
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus vacui: sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

BY Varius, bird of Mæonian song, alone,
Thy bravery, thy conquests, and by land and sea
Whate'er, their leader thou, thy soldiers fierce have done,
Shall celebrated be.
Nor these, Agrippa, nor Pelides' mighty rage
And stubborn mood, nor deep Ulysses' wanderings
The ocean o'er, nor Pelops' cruel lineage,
Too small for such great things,
Dare we attempt in verse to tell: besides, the Muse
Who o'er the peaceful lyre presides, and modesty
Great Cæsar's praise and thine, through our default, refuse
To let diminished be.
Who, fitly, Mars in adamantine mail array'd
Could sing; who Merion black with dust of Trojan plain;
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid, the equal made
Of Gods who o'er us reign?
Heart-whole of feasts we sing, and of the warlike game
Where maids, with nails close-pared, 'gainst youths fight savagely:
Nor more inconstant are, if felt by us love's flame,
Than 'tis our wont to be.

ODE VII.

AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Ephesum, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt quibus unum opus est, intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Undique decerptæ frondi præponere olivam.
Plurimus, in Junonis honorem,
Aptum dicet equis Argos, ditesque Mycenas.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.—
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos; sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero; seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
Cùm fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populeâ fertur vinxisse coronâ;
Sic tristes affatus amicos:

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

BY others Mitylene, famous Rhodes or Ephesus,
The walls of Corinth bounded by its double sea,
Thessalian Tempe, or through Bacchus Thebes illustrious,
Or through Apollo Delphi, praised in song may be.
There are whose sole employment is the chaste Minerva's town
In song of never ending verse to celebrate,
And to exalt beyond all leaves those of the olive crown.*
Many a one, in Juno's honour, will dilate
On Argos noted for its steeds, and on Mycenæ's gold.
But neither much enduring Lacedæmon nor
Larissa's fertile plain has of my fancy ta'en such hold,
As have Albunea's home with its resounding roar,
The headlong Anio's rapid course, and the Tiburnian groves,
And orchards moist that ductile rivulets o'erflow.
As, oft, clouds from the lowering sky the clear south wind removes,

---

* The Delphin edition has—

"Undique decerptæ frondi præponere olivam,"

instead of, as some would read,

"Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam,"

and says it is considered the better reading. I have adopted it.

"Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, o socii comitesque :
Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro ;
Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure novâ Salamina futuram.
O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas :
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

Nor always labouring is of showers for us below,
So, Plancus, thou be wise and recollect with mellow wine
Grief and the toils of life to banish, whether thee
The camp possess refulgent with the glittering standards' shine,
Or Tibur shade thee 'neath its thick-leaved canopy.
When Teucer Salamis forsook, and from his father fled,
He yet his brow, wet with the juice to Bacchus dear,
With coronet of poplar leaves to have intwined is said,
And thus his anxious friends address'd in accents clear:
"Wherever fortune, kinder than a parent, bids repair,
There let us bend our steps, O friends and comrades mine:
While Teucer leads, your augur Teucer is, avaunt despair!
For clearly has Apollo given his word divine
That an ambiguous Salamis another land should own.
O gallant men, and who have oft worse things with me
Endured, the present moment seize in wine your cares to drown:
To-morrow we once more will plough the mighty sea."

ODE VIII.

AD LYDIAM.

LYDIA, dic, per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando
Perdere? cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frænis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum
Sanguine viperino
Cautiùs vitat? neque jam livida gestat armis
Brachia; sæpe disco,
Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?
Quid latet, ut marinæ
Filium dicunt Thetidis, sub lacrymosa Trojæ
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in cædem, et Lycias proriperet catervas?

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

BY all the Gods, my Lydia, pray explain,
Why you to ruin Sybaris impel
By loving him? Why he the sunny plain
Detests, who dust and heat can bear so well?
Why 'mongst his equals cares he not to ride,
A soldier bred; nor, with the bit well arm'd
With teeth, the Gallic courser's mouth to guide?
At yellow Tiber why is he alarmed?
Than viper's blood with greater caution why
Shuns he the oil? nor on his arm is found
The weapon's bruise, whose fame once rank'd so high
For quoit and dart oft sent beyond the bound?
Why hides he, as did Thetis' son they say,
That time when Troy fell overwhelm'd with woe,
For fear his man's attire should him betray
And drag to slaughter of the Lycian foe?

ODE IX.

AD THALIARCHUM.

VIDES, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largè reponens, atque benigniùs
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.
Permitte Divis cetera: qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Depræliantes, nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.
Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ.
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo:
Pignusque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito malè pertinaci.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

SEE how, all white, Soracte deep in snow
  Stands out; nor can the labouring woods sustain
The weight; the rivers too no longer flow,
  Bound by the sharp frost's icy chain.
Logs on thy hearth to drive away the cold
  Heap plentifully; and more freely still
Draw wine, O Thaliarchus, four years old
  From Sabine jar thy cup to fill:
The rest leave to the Gods, who, when they quell
  The winds fierce battling with the boiling sea,
The cypress and old ash quick feel the spell,
  And agitated cease to be.
What shall to-morrow be, ask not to know,
  And count each day that chance shall give as gain:
Nor, youthful still, the graceful dance forego;
  Nor love's delicious sweets disdain,
While spared thy strength by white old age and sour.
  'Tis now the time the Field and Mall t' enjoy,
And when the night arrives th' appointed hour
  In gentle whispers to employ.
Now too, her pleasant laugh the girl betrays
  In secret corner hid; and steals her swain
The pledge, on arm or finger she displays
  Faint struggle only to retain.

ODE X.

AD MERCURIUM.

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentûm
Voce formâsti catus, et decoræ
More palæstræ;
Te canam, magni Jovis et Deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem;
Callidum quicquid placuit jocoso
Condere furto.
Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo.
Quin et Atridas, duce te, superbos,
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Thessalosque ignes, et iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.
Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus; virgâque levem coerces
Aureâ turbam, superis Deorum
Gratus et imis.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

O MERCURY, the grandson eloquent
Of Atlas, who, the manners fierce to tame
Of recent man, did'st forms of speech invent
And the Palæstra frame:
Thee, herald of the Gods and mighty Jove,
The curved lyre's first contriver, will I sing;
Skilful to hide whate'er thou dost remove
In sportive pilfering.
While he, his oxen filch'd thy cunning through,
Unless restored, thee, yet a boy, would fright
With threatening voice, his quiver missing too,
Apollo laugh'd outright.
Rich Priam, quitting Troy, with thee for guide,
The proud Atridæ and the Greek watch-fire
Pass'd unobserved, and through the encampment wide
Of Ilium's foemen dire.
Thou pious souls in blissful seats dost place;
And the light crowd with golden rod restrain,
Dear to the Gods who rule in upper space
And those below that reign.

ODE XI.

AD LEUCONOEN.

TU ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dî dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios
Tentâris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias; vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimùm credula postero.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

ASK not, 'tis wrong, what end for thee or me
The Gods may have ordain'd, Leuconoe;
Nor try the numbers Babylonian:
'Tis better to submit, does Jove life's span
Give many winters, or does now the last
Against th' opposing rocks, with stormy blast,
Shatter the Tyrrhene Sea. Be wise, wine strain,
And, time being short, from lengthen'd hope refrain:
E'en while we talk the envious moments speed:
Enjoy to-day, to-morrow little heed.

ODE XII.

AD AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri
Tibiâ sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago
Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo;
Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
Orphea sylvæ,
Arte maternâ rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus?
Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus, qui res hominum ac Deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quicquam simile, aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.
Præliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, et sævis inimica virgo
Belluis; nec te, metuende certâ,
Phœbe, sagittâ.
Dicam et Alciden, puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT man or hero wilt thou, Clio, take
With thy shrill pipe or lyre to celebrate?
What God? Of whom shall sportive echo make
The name reverberate
The shady sides of Helicon along,
On Pindus' top, or Hæmus icy cold,
Whence forests follow'd tuneful Orpheus' song
Impulsively, we're told;
Who by his mother's art the wind's swift wings,
And river's rapid flowing course could stay,
And listening oaks with his melodious strings
Entice with him to stray.
What shall I sing before the praises due
To Him who rules of Gods and men the fates,
The land and sea; with changing seasons too
The world who regulates;
From whom none greater than himself is born,
Nor does his like exist, or second e'en;
But next his honours those by Pallas worn
Accounted aye have been.
Nor Bacchus, bold in fight, will I pass by,
Nor Virgin thee, of savage beasts the foe,
Nor thee, Apollo, who dost terrify
With thy unerring bow.
And of Alcides will I sing, as well
As Leda's sons, in boxing known the one,
In horsemanship the other to excel;
Should whose white star shine on

Defluit saxis agitatus humor;
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax (quòd sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit.
Romulum post hos priùs, an quietum
Pompilî regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquinî fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.
Regulum, et Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pœno,
Gratus ihsigni referam Camœnâ,
Fabriciumque;
Hunc, et incomtis Curium capillis
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillum
Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.
Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli. Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.
Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.
Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oræ
Seras et Indos:
Te minor, latum reget æquus orbem;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum;
Tu parùm castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

Some sail, off rocks the tumbling water flows,
The clouds disperse, the winds no longer blow,
And waves, that threaten'd, on the sea repose,
Because They will'd it so.
Next after these what to commemorate,
Or Romulus, or Numa's quiet sway,
Or Tarquin's fasces proud, I hesitate,
Or Cato's grand death-day.
My grateful Muse shall sing in special lay
The Scauri, Regulus, and Paulus who,
When Carthage won, his great soul threw away;
Fabricius' glories too.
This last, and Curius of the unkempt hair,
Camillus too, to war were fitted by
A scant ancestral farm with home as bare,
And cruel poverty.
Like as a tree in th' occult march of Time,
So grows Marcellus' fame. As shines afar
Among all lesser lights the moon sublime,
So shines the Julian star.
Father and Guardian of the human race,
From Saturn sprung, to guard great Cæsar thee
The Fates have charged; thine is the ruler's place,
With Cæsar deputy.
Whether he shall a triumph just obtain
The Parthians o'er, who Latium now invest,
Or Ind subdue, and Serean tribes restrain
Inhabiting the East,
He, under thee, shall rightly rule the world,
Whilst thou Olympus with thy ponderous car
Dost shake, and with thy bolts in anger hurl'd
'Gainst groves unchaste wage war.

ODE XIII.

AD LYDIAM.

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ: sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satìs audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.—
Felices ter et ampliùs
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

THE rosy neck of Telephus, the arms
Wax-like of Telephus, to hear you dwell,
Ah! me, with rapture, Lydia, on their charms,
With fierce bile makes my burning liver swell.
My mind gives way, my colour comes and goes,
Then too adown my cheek steals furtively
Th' unbidden tear, by smould'ring fires which shows
To softness how I'm melted inwardly.
I burn with rage if he your shoulders white
In strife has bruised, of self-control bereft
By too much wine; or if, mad boy, his bite
Upon your lip a lasting mark has left.
Indulge you cannot, if you hear me well,
The hope that he will constant be, who, rude,
Can wound your kisses sweet, by Venus' spell
With her own nectar's quintessence imbued.
Thrice happy they, and more than thrice, whom binds
A lasting tie, and love, without decay
From sad complainings, still united finds,
And loosens only at life's latest day.

ODE XIV.

AD REMPUBLICAM.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. O quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo;
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile;
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper solicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

ODE XIV.

TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

O SHIP! fresh waves will bear thee out to sea once more.
What would'st thou do? Fast keep within the harbour bar.
Dost thou not see of every oar
Thy sides denuded are;
Thy mast how damaged by blast of the swift south wind;
Not hear thy sail-yards groan? Not know thou scarce could'st brave,
Unless thy keel did cordage bind,
The ocean's mightier wave?
Thy sails are not unrent, no Gods are left to thee,
Their aid should'st thou invoke, by danger driven wild;
Although of Pontus a pine tree,
A noble forest's child,
Thou of thy ancestry should'st boast, and useless name.
The timid sailor puts in painted poops no trust.
Then, would'st not of the winds the game
Become, take heed thou must.
Thou who to me the cause of anxious pain hast been,
Now, object of my love, and care a bar to ease,
Avoid the sea that flows between
The shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

NEREI VATICINIUM.

PASTOR cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Maltâ ducis-avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! Jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque, et rabiem parat.
Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectes cæsariem; grataque fœminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides:
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Hastas, et calami spicula Gnossii
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Ajacem. Tamen, heu! serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens

ODE XV.

PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

THE Shepherd when in barks Idæan o'er the main
His hostess Helen he perfidiously would take,
Nereus, in calm unwish'd the swift winds did restrain,
While thus of portents dire he spake:
"Dread omen waits on thee who home conveyest her,
Whom Greece to have restored with legions vast will seek,
Asunder, bound by vow, thy nuptial ties to tear,
And Priam's ancient kingdom break.
"Alas, what sweat of steeds, of men, thy conduct through!
What slaughter wilt thou cause the Dardan nation bear!
Her helmet, and her car and shield, her fury too,
Already Pallas 'gins prepare.
"In vain shalt thou, made bold by Venus' guardian care,
Thy tresses comb, and with songs sweet to woman's ear
Thy lute's unwarlike strains in change alternate share.
In vain shalt 'scape the heavy spear
"And Gnossian pointed reed, the battle's noisy roar,
And Ajax' quick pursuit, within thy chamber laid.
The time will come when thou, adulterer, shalt deplore
Thy locks with dust all filthy made.
"Can'st not Laertes' son, unto thy nation's life
Its death-blow doom'd to cause, not Pylian Nestor see?
Teucer of Salamis, and Stenelus, in strife
Of battle versed, or, if need be,

Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
  Tydides melior patre :
Quem tu, cervus utì vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum, graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu ;
  Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei.
Post certas hyemes uret Achaicus
  Ignis Iliacas domos.

"The war steeds' course to guide a charioteer of skill,
Undaunted both, on thee press hard: and 'mongst thy foes
See Merion comes. Lo! than his great sire greater still,
Tydides fierce to find thee glows;
"Whom thou, effeminate, with panting breath shalt fly,
As flies the stag, unmindful of the grassy lea,
Should he by chance a wolf across the valley spy:
This was not promised thine by thee.
"Achilles' wrathful fleet shall for awhile delay
The hour shall fatal be to Troy and Phrygian dames;
Yet Grecian fire, when winters few have passed away,
Shall Trojan homesteads wrap in flames."

ODE XVI.

PALINODIA AD AMATAM PUELLAM.

O MATRE pulchrâ filia pulchrior,
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
Pones iambis; sive flammâ,
Sive mari libet Adriano.
Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æquè, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Tristes ut iræ; quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.
Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam, et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravere; et altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetere causæ, cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris
Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem; me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, et in celeres iambos
Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia, dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

ODE XVI.

PALINODE TO A GIRL HE HAD LOVED.

DAUGHTER, than thy fair mother fairer still,
Do with my scurril lines what pleases thee,
Or cast them in the fire, if such thy will,
Or in the Adriatic sea.
Not Cybele, not Pytho's habitant,
When from his shrine his priesthood's breast he shakes,
Not Bacchus has such pow'r, nor Corybant
The clashing bronze with such force strikes,
As gloomy anger has the mind to move;
Which neither Noric blade, fire's furious flame,
Nor wracking sea could stay, nor even Jove
With roar tremendous though he came.
Prometheus when he fashion'd our first clay,
From here or there constrain'd to take each part,
The raging lion's vehemence, they say,
He gave a place within the heart.
'Twas anger did in ruin dire confound
Thyestes, and the final cause has been
Of lofty cities why no trace is found,
And why where walls had late been seen,
His hostile plough the haughty soldier drove.
Compose thy mind: in my sweet youthful days
Me also did the bosom's fervour move,
And, in my rage, swift-footed lays
Impel to write: now I would sad things see
For pleasant changed, so thou, what caused thee pain
Retracted being, would'st but be kind to me,
And give me back thy heart again.

ODE XVII.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

VELOX amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus; et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.
Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes, et thyma deviæ
Olentis uxores mariti,
Nec virides metuunt colubros,
Nec Martiales hæduleæ lupos,
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistulâ
Valles, et Usticæ cubantis
Lævia personuere saxa.
Dî me tuentur; Dîs pietas mea,
Et musa cordi est. Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
Hic in reductâ valle, caniculæ
Vitabis æstus, et fide Teïâ
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.
Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbrâ: nec Semeleïus
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prælia; nec metues protervum
Suspecta Cyrum, ne malè dispari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
Et scindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

FLEET Faunus oft Lycæus leaves behind
To seek Lucretilis, my pleasant seat;
And from my goats aye keeps the rainy wind
And summer season's scorching heat.
The wives of their strong-smelling husband stray
Devious, the safe woods through, no danger near,
In search of thyme, and th' hidden arbute's spray;
The young kids too no longer fear
Mars' favourite the wolf, nor the green snakes,
Whenever, Tyndaris, the dales around,
And slant Ustica's smooth-worn rocks he makes
With his melodious pipe resound.
The Gods me guard: my muse and piety
The Gods delight. Here then from full horn know
A plenty, rich unto satiety,
Of rural charms for thee shall flow.
Here in secluded vale, the dog-star's fire
Screen'd from, thou of Penelope shalt sing
And Circe frail as fair, on Teïan lyre,
With love for one both labouring.
Here shalt thou cups of harmless Lesbian drain
Beneath the shade; the son of Semele
Here too shall from encount'ring Mars abstain;
And fear not that, suspecting thee,
The brutal Cyrus his rough hand should lay
On thee, with him ill able to contend,
Or from thy curls thy chaplet tear away,
Or undeserving garment rend.

ODE XVIII.

AD QUINTILIUM VARUM.

NULLAM, Vare, sacrâ vite priùs severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt solicitudines.
Quis post vina gravem militiam, aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potiùs, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
At, ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata; monet Sithoniis non levis Evius;
Cùm fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,
Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga, pellucidior vitro.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

VARUS, the sacred vine's the tree for planting round
The walls of Catilus and Tibur's kindly ground:
For God makes all seem hard to those their wine who slight;
'Tis wine alone can put corroding care to flight.
Who o'er his wine of dread war talks, or poverty?
Who not of Bacchus more, or, comely Venus, thee?
But who would Bacchus' gifts abuse, let him be taught
How in their cups the Lapithæ and Centaurs fought;
How Evius too can be with the Sithonians stern,
When they, their lusts inflamed, but slender line discern
'Twixt right and wrong. I will not, 'gainst thy will, incite
Thee, candid Bassareus; nor drag into the light
Thy leaf-veil'd mysteries. Thy timbrel harsh restrain
And Berecynthian horn; for aye come in their train
Blind self-love, glory with her empty head too high
Upheld, and Faith of things told under secrecy
All prodigal, than glass of more transparency.

ODE XIX.

AD GLYCERAM.

MATER sæva Cupidinum
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore puriùs:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit; nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hìc vivum mihi cespitem, hìc
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum paterâ meri.
Mactatâ veniet lenior hostiâ.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

THE cruel mother who the Cupids bore,
And youthful son of Theban Semele,
And wanton licence bid me think once more
Of loves I fancied ended were for me.
The dazzling Glycera, more purely bright
Than Parian stone, I burn when I behold;
Her witching face too tempting for the sight,
And pertness sweet, in flames my heart enfold.
All Venus me invading Cyprus quite
Hath left; nor lets me of the Scythian sing,
Or Parthian, brave when turn'd his horse in flight,
Nor, save herself, of any other thing.
Bring hither, boys, the turf all fresh and green,
Vervain and frankincense bring here to me;
With these a cup of wine two years hath seen:
A victim slain more lenient she will be.

ODE XX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,
Care Mæcenas eques: ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.
Cæcubum, et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam. Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

IN modest cups here shalt thou drink with me
Poor Sabine wine, in Grecian jar well stored;
Which I myself seal'd up, that day on thee
The theatre plaudits pour'd,
Dear knight Mæcenas; which so noisy grew
The banks that thy paternal stream restrain,
And Vaticanus' playful echo threw
Thy praises back again.
Thou Cæcuban may'st drink, if such thy will,
The grape too crush'd in press Calenian;
Vines of Falernus ne'er my goblets fill,
Nor do th' hills Formian.

ODE XXI.

IN DIANAM ET APOLLINEM.

DIANAM, teneræ, dicite, virgines,
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium,
Latonamque supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.
Vos lætam fluviis, et nemorum comâ,
Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Sylvis, aut viridis Cragi.
Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque pharetrâ,
Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.
Hic bellum lacrymosum, hic miseram famem,
Pestemque a populo, et principe Cæsare, in
Persas, atque Britannos,
Vestrâ motus aget prece.

ODE XXI.

IN HONOUR OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

YE tender virgins make her praises Dian hear,
Ye youths do you the praise of unshorn Cynthius sing,
Latona's too, intensely dear
To Jove, of Gods the King.
Ye virgins celebrate her who the river loves,
And silvan leaves that on cold Algidus are seen,
In Erymanthus' sable groves,
Or those of Cragus green.
Ye youths with equal praise do Tempe magnify,
Apollo's Delos too and shoulder all admire,
His arrow-case distinguish'd by,
And his fraternal lyre.
He, war the cause of tears, he, famine sad, and pest,
Shall from us and our prince, great Cæsar, drive away,
The Mede and Briton to infest,
Moved by your suppliant lay.

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ;
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem;
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget:
Pone sub curru nimiùm propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

UNSTAIN'D by crime, an honest life who leads,
Nor Moorish dart nor bow, O Fuscus needs,
Nor quiver pregnant with the poison'd reeds;

Whether o'er Lybia's burning sands he ride,
Or climb high Caucasus' unfriendly side,
Or stroll the famed Hydaspes' banks beside.

Once as I wander'd, careless, from my farm,
The woods with song of Lalage to charm,
Unarm'd, a wolf fled from me in alarm;

A monster such as through the forests wide
Of warlike Daunia ne'er was known to stride,
Nor in parch'd Afric, nurse of lions, bide.

Place me where yields the barren soil no trees,
To taste the freshness of the summer breeze,
Where fogs oppress, or endless winters freeze:

In lands scorch'd by the too near sun place me,
Where house is not, and still will Lalage,
With her sweet smile, sweet voice, be loved by me.

ODE XXIII.

AD CHLOEN.

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et silüæ metu.
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovêre lacertæ;
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera,
Gætulusve leo, frangere persequor.
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

YOU fly me like a young hind, Chlöe dear,
Its timid mother on the pathless hill
Trying to find, while it with groundless fear
The breeze and forest's murmur fill.
For whether Spring's arrival agitates
The quiv'ring leaves, or, darting through the brake,
The lizard green the brambles separates,
Its heart and knees with terror shake.
But I am no Gætulian lion, nor
Fierce tiger thee to hunt down and destroy;
At length thy mother follow then no more,
Ripe now become man's love t' enjoy.

ODE XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM.

QUIS desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.
Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget! Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior, quàm tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum
Poscis Quintilium Deos.
Quod si Threïcio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virgâ semel horridâ
Non lenis precibus fata recludere
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum! Sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

FOR grief caused by the loss of one to us so dear
What limit can there be? what shame? Melpomene,
To whom your father gave the lyre and accents clear,
Do you lugubrious strains teach me.
And so, perpetual sleep Quintilius does enfold!
Ah! when will naked Truth, when simple Modesty,
And Faith, the sister pure of Justice, e'er behold
Another such a man as he?
By many good men he lamented pass'd away.
By none lamented more, my Virgil, than by thee.
Pious, him to restore in vain the Gods you pray;
Not trusted so to us was he.
What though more sweetly than Threician Orpheus you
The string could modulate the listening trees once heard,
The blood would not return the empty phantom to,
Which once among the sable herd
Stern Mercury, (the fates to change no prayers can bend,)
Has with his horrid rod compell'd its place to take.
'Tis hard. But what 'tis wrong to try to mend,
Lighter to bear does patience make.

ODE XXV.

AD LYDIAM.

PARCIUS junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen,
Quæ priùs multùm faciles movebat
Cardines. Audis minùs et minùs jam:
"Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?"
Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes
Flebis, in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento;
Cùm tibi flagrans amor, et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum;
Non sine questu,
Læta quòd pubes hederâ virenti
Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto;
Aridas frondes hyemis sodali
Dedicet Hebro.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

LESS often now with blows repeated make
The wanton youths your fasten'd windows shake,
And seldom you from out your slumbers wake;
Its post your door loves too,
Which once its hinges moved so easily.
And less and less by you is heard the cry,
"Whilst, Lydia, I, your own, am dying, why
Sleep you the long night through?"
Grown old, your turn it now is to lament
The scorn of rakes, as, worthless, you frequent
Some alley lone, while riots violent
'Tween moons the Thracian wind;
Then love shall you inflame; and hot desire
(Wont horses' dams to madden with its fire,)
Your ulcerous liver shall with rage inspire,
And you shall wail to find
That joyous youth in ivy's verdant store
Can pleasure take—in dark green myrtle more,
Giving to Hebrus, friend of winter hoar,
Of wither'd leaves each kind.

ODE XXVI.

LAMIAM SUUM MUSÆ COMMENDAT.

MUSIS amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis; quis sub Arcto
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ;
Quis Tiridatem terreat, unicè
Securus. O quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
Necte meo Lamiæ coronam,
Pimplea dulcis. Nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores. Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque decet sorores.

ODE XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

FRIEND to the Muses, fear and sorrow I
The fierce winds give to bear to Creta's sea,
Naught caring who beneath the Arctic sky
Of frozen lands dread king may be;
Or Tiridates who may scare. O thou,
Sweet Pimplea, whom fresh fountains aye delight,
Do weave a chaplet for my Lamia's brow,
For him weave flowers with sun-tints bright.
My praises without thee have little weight:
Him then with strains appropriate and new,
Him with the Lesbian lyre to consecrate,
Becomes thee and thy sisters too.

ODE XXVII.

AB EBRIETATE ET INSANO AMORE CAVENDUM.

NATIS in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est: tollite barbarum
Morem; verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.
Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat! Impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales,
Et cubito remanete presso.—
Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatus
Vulnere, quâ pereat sagittâ.
Cessat voluntas? Non aliâ bibam
Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus; ingenuoque semper
Amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus.—Ah, miser,
Quantâ laboras in Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flammâ!
Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimærâ.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

O'ER cups that were for pleasure made to fight
Is Thracian; then such barb'rous custom sweep
At once away, and modest Bacchus quite
Exempt from bloody quarrels keep.
The incongruity how vastly great
A Median sword between and lights and wine!
Companions, you your impious noise abate,
And on bent elbow still recline.
Must also I of strong Falernian take
My share? Then let Megilla's brother say,
Who caused the wound does him so happy make;
By what dart pierced he pines away.
Will not? I only on the terms I name
Will drink. Whoe'er's your ruling Venus, she
Burns with no fire need make you blush with shame;
Aye when you sin it's sure to be
In an ingenuous love. Come then begin,
To safe ears trust her name. Ah! wretched boy,
What a Charybdis are you struggling in,
Worthy a better flame t' enjoy!
What witch, what God can e'er your bonds undo,
What sorc'rer with his drugs of Thessaly?
Scarce Pegasus could loose one tied like you,
From this Chimæra of forms three.

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

NAUTA. Te, maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem, cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum
Munera; nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentâsse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.
Archytas. Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus; habentque
Tartara Panthoïden, iterum Orco
Demissum; quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ;
Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ verique. Sed omnes una manet nox;
Et calcanda semel via lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo spectacula Marti:
Exitio est avidis mare nautis.
Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera; nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.—
At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHITAS.

OF Ocean and of Earth, and the sand's countless grains
The measurer, close by Matinus' shore,
Want of a little dust, Architas, thee detains.
Nor does it aught avail thou could'st explore
The mansions of the air, and traverse in thy mind
The pole's rotundity, being doom'd to die.
Died Pelops' sire with whom the Gods as their host dined,
Tithonus too translated to the sky,
And Minos whom Jove let his secret counsels share;
So Tartarus retains Panthoides,
Once more to Orchus sent, though he made it appear,
The shield by taking down, he memories
Of Trojan times possess'd, and naught but nerves and skin
Had yielded to black death; no teacher poor
Of truth and nature he, thyself his judge therein.
One night awaits us all, once all are sure
Death's path to tread. Of some the Furies make a show
For savage Mars: the greedy mariner
The sea destroys: of old and young the corpses grow
Into a mingled crowd: nor lets 'scape her
The cruel Proserpine one head. Me Notus too,
Downward Orion's comrade swift, sank deep
Th' Illyrian waves beneath: but, sailor, do not you
Ill-natured be, and grudge the smallest heap

Particulam dare. Sic, quodcunque minabitur Eurus
  Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinæ
Plectantur sylvæ, te sospite : multaque merces,
  Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
  Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere forsan?
  Debita jura vicesque superbæ
Te maneant ipsum. Precibus non linquar inultis;
  Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quanquam festinas, (non est mora longa,) licebit,
  Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

Of drifting sand to my unburied bones and head:
  So that whatever shall Hesperia's sea
Be threaten'd Eurus by, his rage may all be shed
  Venusia's woods upon, and you safe be;
And riches manifold on you be shower'd down
  From every side by Jove all just and true,
And Neptune who keeps watch o'er Taras' sacred town.
  Perchance, you care not if a wrong you do
Shall soon your offspring harm: vicissitudes austere
  And judgments due may then yourself await.
With my pray'rs unavenged I shall not be left here;
  No sacrifice will your deserts abate.
Although in haste, it need not you long time detain,
  Thrice o'er me scatter dust, then on again.

ODE XXIX.

AD ICCIUM.

ICCI, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras
Non ante devictis Sabææ
Regibus, horribilique Medo
Nectis catenas. Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aulâ capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,
Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tiberim reverti:
Cùm tu coëmtos undique nobiles
Libros Panætî, Socraticam et domum
Mutare loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

SO now, O Iccius, thou art envious grown
Of Araby's blest riches, and make speed
To war 'gainst Saba's Kings ne'er yet o'erthrown,
And forge chains for the horrid Mede.
Say what barbarian virgin shall serve thee,
Slain her betroth'd? What boy in palace rear'd
For thy cup-bearer shall appointed be,
His locks with perfumes all besmear'd;
And Seric dart from his paternal bow
Well skill'd to aim? Who now will dare deny
That back the Tiber can be made to flow,
And downward streams to mountains high,
When thou the noble works, from all parts bought,
Panætius wrote, and the Socratic sect
Can'st change for corselets in Iberia wrought?
Thou mad'st us better things expect.

ODE XXX.

AD VENEREM.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.
Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

VENUS of Cnidus and of Paphos Queen,
Loved Cyprus quit, and to the temple fair
Which raised for thee by Glycera has been,
Woo'd with much incense, hasten to repair.
And let the glowing boy, the Graces too,
With zone loose flowing, come along with thee,
And youth, whose charm to thee is chiefly due,
And join'd with them, the Nymphs and Mercury.

ODE XXXI.

QUID PETIT AB APOLLINE, EXPLICAT.

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? Quid orat, de paterâ novum
Fundens liquorem? Non opimas
Sardiniæ segetes feracis;
Non æstuosæ grata Calabriæ
Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
Non rura, quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.
Premant Calenâ falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem; dives et aureis
Mercator exsiccet culullis
Vina Syrâ reparata merce,
Dîs carus ipsis; quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impune. Me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorea, levesque malvæ.
Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et, precor, integrâ
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

ON dedication of Apollo's shrine
What asks the bard? What prays for, as he pours
From out his patera the new-made wine?
Not rich Sardinia's vast corn stores;
Not hot Calabria's herds of choicest breed;
Not Indian ivory nor gold's display;
Not lands, though flows its stream with gentle speed,
The noiseless Liris wears away.
Let him whose fortune 'tis to own a vine
Prune it with his Calenian knife; and let
Rich merchants drink from golden cups the wine
In change for Syrian goods they get,
Dear to the Gods themselves, since in each year
Unharm'd they visit the Atlantic sea
Three times or four. The olive is my cheer,
The mallow soft and chicory.
Health and an understanding sound grant me
My gains, Latous, to enjoy, I pray;
And let not my old age dishonour'd be,
Nor want a lyre on which to play.

ODE XXXII.

AD LYRAM SUAM.

POSCIMUR.—Si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat, et plures; age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen;
Lesbio primùm modulate civi:
Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religârat udo
Littore navim,
Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat;
Et Lycum, nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.
O decus Phœbi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, o laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve
Rite vocanti.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

WE'RE called upon. If, idling 'neath the shade,
Aught through this year may live, and many long
Survive, we have, O lyre, together play'd,
Come tune a Latin song.
Thy cords a man of Lesbos first did sound,
Who fierce in war, yet 'tween the battle's roar,
Or when the anchor his toss'd ship had bound
Fast to the wet sea-shore,
Would sing of Liber and the Muses nine,
Of Venus and the boy who aye is where
She is, and Lycus charming with his eyne
So black and his black hair.
O Shell, Apollo's choicest ornament,
At feasts of Jove supreme with pleasure heard,
O, toil's sweet balm, to grant my prayer consent
If properly preferr'd.

ODE XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ: neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsâ præniteat fide.
Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën. Sed priùs Apulis
Jungentur capreæ lupis,
Quàm turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.
Ipsum me melior cùm peteret Venus
Gratâ detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

THOU should'st not, Albius, thy fate o'ermuch deplore
At thought that cruel Glycera has jilted thee,
Nor sing sad songs because a younger lover more
Attractive proves to be.
Famed for her forehead low, Lycoris Cyrus loves
With a consuming flame, while to coy Pholoë
Cyrus inclines. But mated with Apulian wolves
She-goats shall sooner be
Than she with such a base adulterer shall sin.
Such Venus' will, compelling 'neath a brazen yoke
Ill suited forms and minds to live, delighting in
The malice of her joke.
A better Venus once me woo'd, but Myrtale,
Freed woman, held me chain'd by her bewitching ways,
Though wilder than the waves of th' Adriatic sea
That scoop Calabria's bays.

ODE XXXIV.

PŒNITET QUÒD CULTUM DEORUM NEGLEXERIT.

PARCUS Deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos. Namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum;
Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, et invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit; hìc posuisse gaudet.

ODE XXXIV.

THE POET'S RECANTATION.

MY worship of the Gods was scant and slack
What time I err'd, a mad philosophy
Professing; now my canvas to turn back
And sail anew, compell'd am I,
The course I left. For Jove, who's wont to rive
The clouds with fire coruscant, has been seen
His wingèd car and thund'ring steeds to drive
Across the sky when quite serene;
Whereat earth's pond'rous mass rocks to and fro,
The wand'ring rivers shake, and, horrid place,
Detested Tænarus, and Styx also,
And Atlas' utmost bounds. The base
God can exalt, the great pull down; at will
Change low to high. Rapacious Fortune one
Robs of his crown with whirring noise and shrill;
Another joys to place it on.

ODE XXXV.

AD FORTUNAM.

O DIVA, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:
Te pauper ambit solicitâ prece
Ruris colonus: te dominam æquoris
Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni;
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam: neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat
Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans ahenâ; nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis:

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

GODDESS, o'er pleasant Antium who dost reign,
Ready the mortal frame from lowest grade
To raise, or to the sad funereal train
Transform the triumph's proud parade;
The husbandman, borne down by poverty,
With anxious pray'r thee sues: he too who beats
With keel Bithynian the Carpathian sea,
Mistress of the Ocean, thee entreats.
Thee the fierce Dacian, thee of Scythia's land
The roving race, towns, peoples, Latium bold,
The mothers of barbarian rulers, and
Purple-robed tyrants in dread hold;
Lest thou, with foot injurious should'st o'erthrow
The standing column, or the mob let call
To arms, To arms, those who are quiet now,
And thereby cause the empire's fall.
Aye hard necessity before thee tramps,
Carrying in her hand of bronze display'd
Wedges and spikes; nor wanting are strong clamps,
And lead the fire has liquid made.
Hope worships thee; so rare Fidelity,
In white robe clad, nor does she hesitate
To keep with thee when, adverse, thou dost hie,
In alter'd garb, from houses great.

At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit; diffugiunt, cadis
  Cum fæce siccatis, amici
    Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
  Examen, Eois timendum
    Partibus, Oceanoque Rubro.
Eheu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
  Ætas? Quid intactum nefasti
    Liquimus? Unde manum juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris? O utinam novâ
  Incude diffingas retusum in
    Massagetas Arabasque ferrum.

The faithless crowd and perjured harlot fall
Away, and those fly who too crafty are,
The cask being drain'd, the very lees and all,
    Their portion of the yoke to bear.
Keep Cæsar safe while he to Britain goes,
Earth's farthest bound, and our new youthful bands
Prepared the Red Sea to affright as foes,
    And terror cause Eoian lands.
Alas, how our scars, crimes, and brothers' fate
Shame us! From what has our hard age refrain'd?
What have we, wicked, left inviolate?
    From what our youths their hands restrain'd,
Fearing the Gods? What altars spared abuse?
O that on anvil new thou fit would'st see
To forge afresh the blunted sword for use
    'Gainst th' Arabs and Massagetæ.

ODE XXXVI.

AD NUMIDÆM.

ET thure, et fidibus juvat
Placare, et vituli sanguine debito,
Custodes Numidæ Deos;
Qui nunc Hesperiâ sospes ab ultimâ
Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula,
Quàm dulci Lamiæ; memor
Actæ non alio rege puer'tiæ,
Mutatæque simul togæ.
Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ:
Neu promptæ modus amphoræ,
Neu morem in Saliûm sit requies pedum:
Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threïciâ vincat amystide;
Neu desint epulis rosæ,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
Deponent oculos: nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero,
Lascivis pederis ambitiosior.

ODE XXXVI.

TO NUMIDA.

WITH frankincense t' appease rejoiced we are,
With music too and blood of votive calf,
The Gods, protectors of our Numida,
Who, safe back from Hesperia's farthest half,
To his dear comrades kisses many gives,
(None greater than the gentle Lamia's share,)
Because it in his recollection lives
Their boyhood pass'd 'neath the same tutor's care,
And them the toga don the same year saw.
With mark of chalk let us this glad day greet;
From the broach'd amphora without stint draw,
And Salii-like no rest allow our feet:
Nor let the great wine-bibber Damalis
Bassus to beat in Thracian draught be seen;
Nor let us roses at the banquet miss,
Lily short-lived, nor parsley ever-green.
On Damalis will all fix their moist view,
But Damalis than th' ivy's wanton spray
More tightly clinging to her lover new,
Will never let herself be torn away.

ODE XXXVII.

AD SODALES SUOS.

NUNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus; nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis; dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus et imperio parabat,
Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum; quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunâque dulci
Ebria. Sed minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus:
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar ab Italiâ volantem,
Remis adurgens, (accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Æmoniæ) daret ut catenis
Fatale monstrum; quæ, generosiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem, nec latentes
Classe citâ reparavit oras.

ODE XXXVII.

ON THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

BY us, companions, let the goblet now be drain'd,
Now let us strike the ground with footstep light and quick,
The couches of the Gods now was the time ordain'd
To deck with dainties Saliaric.
Till now 'twas wrong to bring from out stores ancestral
The Cæcuban, what time the Queen in ruin mad
The Capitol to whelm, and state imperial
Its death-blow give, made ready had,
With her foul train of men disfigured by disease;
She weak enough t' expect whate'er she dared would be,
Intoxicated with her fortune's flatteries.
But when no longer doubt had she
Scarce one ship from the flames was saved, her rage to calm
She learnt; and back her mind, with Mareot wine distraught,
Did Cæsar bring to sense of genuine alarm,
Her, as from Italy she sought
To fly, close pressing with his oars, (as gentle doves
The hawk pursues, or hare the hunter, swift of foot,
When o'er Æmonia's plains, all white with snow, he roves,)
That he the monster fell might put
His chains upon; but end than this of nobler kind
In death she sought: she was not of the sword afear'd,
As is a woman's wont, nor hidden shores to find
In her swift sailing fleet repair'd.

Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
  Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
    Corpore combiberet venenum;
Deliberatâ morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens
  Privata deduci superbo
    Non humilis mulier triumpho.

With brow serene her halls laid low she did not shrink
From looking on, and with her own hands, free from fright,
The savage asps applied, so that her frame might drink
The venom black left by their bite;
Her courage fiercer when she had resolved to die:
Scorning, in triumph proud, like one of common kind,
Cruel Liburnians to be carried captive by:
No woman this of lowly mind.

ODE XXXVIII.

AD PUERUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SERVANT.

THE Persian's costly fashions, boy, I hate;
Wreaths tied on Linden bark delight not me:
Try not to find where roses linger late.
Mind! with the simple myrtle naught intwine:
The myrtle not ill suits you serving me,
Nor me when drinking 'neath my close-leaved vine.

CHISWICK PRESS : CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.